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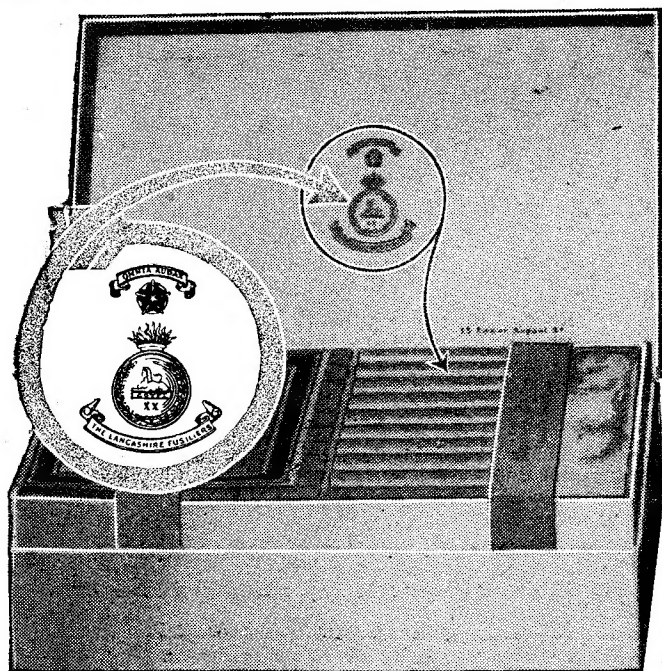
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"Con Amore" Cigarettes are made similarly for every Regiment, in Ivory-finished boxes of 100, 50 and 25.

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A gift of "Con Amore" Cigarettes bearing *his* Regimental Crest will delight him this Yuletide. The compliment to his Regiment will induce kindly thoughts of *you* every time he finds solace in their delicate fragrance.

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"Nov. 12, 1915.

"... the 'get up' of the Cigarettes made all the Officers want to possess some themselves. I gave one of the smaller Boxes to the Colonel, and have promised the other Boxes, when empty, to other men. . . . I congratulate you on the appearance and upon the excellent smoking qualities of these Crested Cigarettes.

"J. D. B——, Major, Lancs. Fusiliers, B. E. F."

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"Con Amore" Crested Cigarettes are hand-made from perfect leaf, in a generous size. They are of a quality which the Army Officer—a critical judge—describes as "excellent," in keeping with the Marcovitch reputation of over 60 years.

Leading Tobacconists sell "Con Amore" Crested Cigarettes in three Blends. In case of difficulty the Manufacturers will supply you direct.

	Per 100 box.	Per 50 box.	Per 25 box.
Egyptian Blend	8/6	4/3	2/2
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On quantities of 200 and more, we send duty-free and postage-paid at a reduction of 1/9 per hundred from ordinary prices. In ordering, you need to send Name, Rank, and Regiment, together with Remittance, when despatch from Bond will be immediately made.

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Cigarette Makers by Hand,

13 Lower Regent St., Waterloo Place, S.W. 4

THE GOUTY STATE. ITS RELATION TO URIC ACID EXCESS.

Gout is popularly believed to be a malady affecting the joints only. Nothing, possibly, could be further from the truth. There is not a portion of the body to which uric acid, the common cause of all gouty suffering, has not access by means of the circulation, and wherever uric acid finds its way gout is bound to follow unless proper steps be taken in the meantime to dissolve and eliminate the acid.

The surplus uric acid is quickly taken into the circulation where it enters into a certain chemical combination, as a result of which it becomes converted into a solid insoluble substance—urate of soda—which assumes the form of sharply-pointed crystals or of solid, stony masses. It is these compounds of uric acid that are the root cause of all the pain, lameness, stiffness, inflammation and swellings of gout.

These crystals or stony concretions are in time thrown out from the blood and spread over adjacent tissues, giving rise to one or other manifestation of gouty suffering. Thus, when the joints are attacked and filled up with these clogging deposits, the terrible suffering of acute, chalky, chronic or rheumatic gout results. Gouty rheumatism or lumbago supervenes when the shoulder and limb muscles or those of the lower part of the back are occupied by the pain-causing uric acid; sciatica and neuritis are due to the cruelly sharp atoms piercing the great nerve sheaths of thighs and arms. When the skin is selected for uric acid invasion gouty eczema follows, whilst kidney-stone and gravel consist simply of solid uratic concretions.

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE OVER GOUT.

All these varied gouty complaints being admittedly due to the one common cause of uric acid excess, the obvious and rational way of remedying them is to remove the overplus at the earliest possible moment. Thanks to investigations into the problem of uric acid and its solvents conducted for many years by an old-established firm of manufacturing chemists with the highest possible reputation, a remedy has been perfected by which relief from gouty suffering can be readily and safely obtained. This remedy is well known as Bishop's Varalettes, and long clinical experience has proved it to be an absolutely safe and reliable remedy for gouty suffering, no matter what form it may assume.

The success of Bishop's Varalettes can be understood when their method of action is known. They are absorbed by the blood and so are enabled to follow the uric acid into the remotest recesses of the system. Bishop's Varalettes search the poison out in muscle, joint, nerve and organs. Manifestly with the disappearance of the cause, the effect must also go. Thus it is that Bishop's Varalettes, acting on scientific and logical principles, overcome uric acid and relieve gout.

SAFETY AND SUCCESS.

Bishop's Varalettes are composed of most powerful uric acid solvents and eliminants. Into their composition there enters no dangerous or poisonous ingredient. They are free from colchicum, mercury, potash, the iodides or salicylates.

The composition of Bishop's Varalettes precludes the possibility of any lowering or depressing results following their use. Their beneficial influence is soon experienced, and is attested by the gradual removal of every form of gouty pain as the maleficent uric acid is steadily driven out.

Bishop's Varalettes, if taken in time, prevent the formation of the gouty habit, and all goutily constituted people should safeguard themselves against outbreaks by taking occasional courses of Bishop's Varalettes. By the same means also Bishop's Varalettes correct the gouty habit, even when of long standing. Acting both as preventive and remedy, Bishop's Varalettes have conferred complete immunity from suffering upon numberless gouty subjects.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DIET.

As one main cause of over-formation of uric acid is indulgence in certain classes of food, it is of great importance that the gouty should know exactly what these foods are so that they may avoid them. This does not entail any hardship or mean restriction to unpalatable and unsatisfying foods. There is sufficient variety amongst perfectly permissible foods for gouty people to gratify the most exacting as well as most dainty appetite. In order to remove all doubt on the subject the makers of Bishop's Varalettes have published a booklet containing all the required information on diet for the gouty; classified lists of allowable and prohibited foods are set forth in detail. In addition, a section of the booklet is devoted to the discussion of uric acid disorders, their symptoms, course and treatment. A copy of the booklet will be sent post free on application to Alfred Bishop (Limited), Manufacturing Chemists (established 1857), 48, Spelman Street, London, N.E. Please ask for booklet S.

Bishop's Varalettes are sold by all chemists in vials at 1s., 2s., and 5s. (25 days' treatment), or may be had direct from the sole makers, post free for 1/3, 2/4, or 5/4.

Bells THREE NUNS Tobacco



Selection of good raw material is the basis of success alike in smoking mixtures and recruiting. However cleverly you blend it with other qualities you cannot make good tobacco or good soldiers out of bad material.

Therein lies, to a large extent, the secret of the popularity of "Three Nuns"—the tobaccos used are themselves of the finest quality, and the blending of them the more successful because the raw materials are right.

A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

BOTH ARE OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

PER 8^d. OZ.

"THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

Medium. 4d. for 10.

No. 447



You can obtain the Trial Tin by return post for a few coppers. It is more than a sample. It is sufficient to prove how readily "Record" renews old-fashioned light brown boots. Converts them to the correct rich mahogany "Record" colour. Stains as well as polishes. Stains fast. Polishes with a hard, lasting brilliance.

"Record" Quality Stain-Polish.

Get this Trial Tin now. Learn why "Record" is almost a regulation item of equipment to very many officers. And is a standard essential to correct civilian dress.

4d. and 6d. Use it daily for boots, belts, leggings, saddles, trunks. Get a tin from your Grocer or Boot Dealer.

Send this Coupon for Trial Tins.

Send 3d. in stamps for large Trial Tin of "Record" Quality Stain-Polish—
or 4d. for a sample of "Record" Superior Black Boot Polish in addition.

Please send me a trial tin of "Record" Quality Stain-Polish (also a tin of "Record" Superior Black Polish), for which I enclose.....
in stamps to cover postage.

Name.....
Address.....

"Pyjama time"
is his time for using

Calvert's

(CARBOLIC)

Tooth Powder



In Nelson's Days

shipments for Bristol sailed under convoy for protection against Enemy Privateers. To-day our merchant service, in spite of the Enemy "Blockade," are maintaining regular shipments of

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A fine old Tawny Port, always in brilliant condition and ready for immediate use. Supplied to Clubs and Messes in all parts of the World. 42/- per dozen. Sample bottle 3/6. Illustrated Booklet and full price list of Ports, Sherries, &c., on application
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A War Hint!

IF at this time of day the health-virtue of pure wool for next-the-skin wear needed further demonstration, the health of our fighting forces has certainly provided it.

Every man wears underwear of pure wool, and through all weathers the general health has been more than remarkable.

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In many sizes and garments for men, women and children. Any garment found to shrink will be replaced.

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A necessity for every home, and a
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It will counteract the pungent odour
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Excellent results will also
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Of all Stores, Chemists
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*Hose de Luxe
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Light and soft though it is, this
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Sold by leading Drapers, Hosiery, & Outfitters. Socks at 7/6, 10/- and
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Silk (three pairs guaranteed for three months)—Gents' Socks, 10/- per
box of three pairs. Ladies' Stockings, 13/6 per box of three pairs.
IF your dealer does not stock them, send postcard for nearest agent.

The Original Genuine

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY Co., 10, Church Alley, Liverpool.

This Trade Mark
on every Box

Guarantee.

We GUARANTEE that these six pairs of 'Hole-
proof' Hose will need no darning for six months. If
they should, we agree to replace them by new ones
upon surrender of the guarantee ticket and one
coupon for each worn pair, provided they are
returned to us within six months from date of
sale to wearer.

La Corona Half-a-Corona

UNDOUBTEDLY
the finest
Small Cigar
Shipped from
Havana.



Therefore
ALWAYS
an acceptable Present.

These Cigars are the finest quality the
Corona factory produces. They are
identical with the Corona Corona in blend
and shape, but are shorter in length.

100 Corona Half-a-Corona Cigars can be
forwarded to British Expeditionary Forces
for 65/- Carriage Paid from Bond.



Obtainable wherever fine Cigars are
marketed at 70/- per 100. If any difficulty
in obtaining, a sample 25 box and name of
nearest Dealer sent on receipt of 18/3.

MELBOURNE HART & CO.,
34, Basinghall Street,
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'Listening'
TO
'HIS MASTER'S VOICE'
THE
SUPREME RECORDS

NOTE.
A LARGE reproduction in colours of the picture above is yours for the asking. It is the work of Miss Lucy Hocknell, and will be sent post paid and carefully packed on application to the Gramophone Co., Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex, while the Edition lasts.



The Best Known Trade Mark in the World. Look for it.

Lists Post Free, The Gramophone Co. Ltd., Hayes, Middlesex.

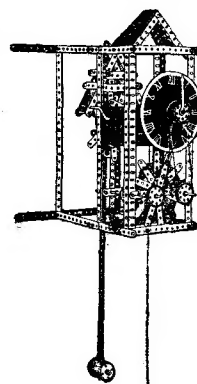
Elegant Footwear

A BRILLIANT, pleasing shine, which makes footwear look always neat and elegant, is obtained by the use of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish.

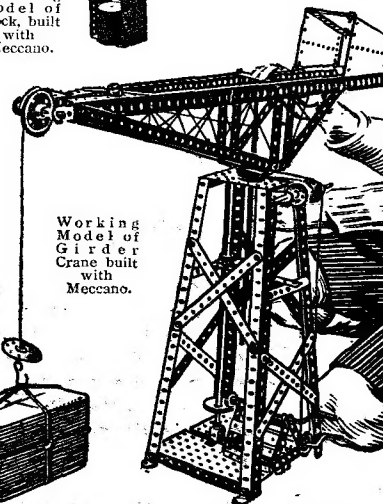
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH also preserves and waterproofs footwear.

Obtainable of all Dealers, in three colours—Black or Brown, Tins 1d., 2d., 4d. & 6d. Also TONETTE, the new dark stain for Sam Browne Belts and all leather military equipments. Tins 2d. & 4d.

Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.



Working Model of Clock, built with Meccano.



Working Model of Girder Crane built with Meccano.

BOYS! Get Meccano

BUILD scores and scores of working models — each true to mechanical principles. You can only do this with Meccano

MECCANO is the Original Constructional Toy and the best. It enables boys to build Cranes, Clocks, Bridges, Battleships, Looms, Motor Cars, Motor Cycles, and hundreds of other models. These models may be operated by hand or by Meccano Spring or Electric Motors.

MECCANO is simple, and provides healthy, mind-stimulating amusement that makes an irresistible appeal to boys. It is the best Xmas Gift for boys

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MECCANO builds more and better models, because Meccano parts are real engineering parts in miniature. It gives a rare stimulus to a boy's inventive faculty. Each outfit is complete with 140-page illustrated Instruction Book. No study needed—building may be commenced right away. When buying, insist on seeing the trade-mark word "Meccano," otherwise you may get an imitation and be disappointed. Meccano is made in Britain.

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YOUR boy should tell three chums about Meccano and send us their names and addresses. This Prize Book will then be forwarded to him post free. It contains the winning models in the last Meccano Competition.

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COMPETITION

First Prize, £50; 135 other prizes. See that your boy gets an Entry Form at once from his dealer, or from us if he has any difficulty. He stands an excellent chance of winning a fine Prize. He will enjoy this little adventure which will stir up his ambition and pull out his best effort. 10,000 boys entered 10,000 different models in our Competition of last year. The successful models are shown in our Prize Model Book illustrated here.

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3/- 5/- 10/- 15/- and upwards

Write to-day for all particulars and Book (No. 35) about Meccano—post free.

MECCANO Ltd

Binns Road

LIVERPOOL

CULTURE AND THE COLOSSUS.

["A giant statue of Admiral von Tirpitz, similar to Berlin's Hindenburg, for nailing purposes, will shortly be erected in Wilhelmshafen. . . . The Grand Admiral is posing in uniform, with oilskins, seaboots and sou'-wester . . . holding a telescope in the left hand, while the right is reaching out for his instruments. The eyes are gazing into space, far away over the distant seas, where the heroes of Germany's sea-power carry out his orders . . ."]

Wilhelmshafener Zeitung.

The Berlin Academy of Art has protested against the scheme "in the interests of the prestige of our German Art and Kultur."

High o'er the harbour where his squadrons ride
Collecting limpets on their leisured keels,
Snug in their dug-out, safely barred inside
From every wave that chops and wind that squeals,
Behold the effigy of TIRPITZ graven
"For nailing purposes" at WILLIAM'S Haven!

Colossal in his oilskins see him stand,
His giant trotters booted for the main;
A telescope employs his larboard hand,
A rude sou'-wester tops his teeming brain,
And, fashioned on a supernatural scale,
His hoary whiskers creak before the gale.

Note, too, the gaze of that Tremendous Tar,
With what a searching eye he scans and scouts
The faint horizon's limits, ranging far
To get his High Sea Navy's whereabouts,
And finds the billowy prospect strangely bare
Because the High Sea Navy isn't there.

Meanwhile he stretches forth, to touch his gear,
A fist to starboard, so by wireless means
To let his views impinge upon the ear
Of any remnant of his submarines,
Bidding their brave commanders work his will,
And try to catch a few more babes to kill.

And worshippers, not waiting till he's dead,
Propose to hammer homage, fore and aft,
Into his frame, from heels to wooden head
(Brass homage for Old Brazen-Face), and graft
A wealth of pimples on the Grand Sea-Rover
With any nails that HINDENBURG leaves over.

What though the pundits of Imperial Art
Lift a protesting academic bleat?
This is the darling of the nation's heart,
Made lovelier by the *Lusitania* feat;
The people cries for nails! let none usurp its
Right to select the fitting meed for TIRPITZ!

O. S.

MY MOUSTACHE.

EVERY day since my papers had gone in I had had a good look at it, morning and evening. When I inclined my head sideways some of it really seemed quite long and bushy; but viewed full-face I must admit it looked somewhat scanty. Still, although its growth was slow it was undoubtedly sure. I occasionally—about 465 times a day—ran the tips of my fingers along it, and none of it rubbed off. I had even pulled it with tweezers, and it had not come out. I showed it to a few chosen friends, and after one had said that nitrate of silver was good for removing moles, and another had observed that all the best nigger-minstrels invariably blacked their ears, too, and I had ultimately explained what it was, they unanimously agreed that it could never be taken for anything but a moustache, though in the long-clothes stage. Hence I felt that by the

time I was due to report myself for duty to my C.O. it would not disgrace me.

And now I was actually *en route* for my battalion headquarters at Puddlecombe-on-the-Ooze. Before I had lunched at the railway-station restaurant I had taken a glance at myself in one of the many mirrors the establishment possessed. My moustache was still there, but looking a trifle wasted, I thought, and I began to wonder whether I had moulted any of it on the way without noticing it. However, after I had lunched (and I must own that I did myself exceptionally well) I took a final look in the glass, and to all appearances I was as well equipped as the hairiest Ainu. "I shall not be ashamed of *that*, at least," I said to myself as I settled down in a corner of the carriage for my three-hours' journey to Puddlecombe.

* * * * *

"What's that dirty mark on your lip?" roared the Colonel suddenly as I was in the middle of explaining to him who I was.

"That's what puzzles me," remarked the Adjutant before I could reply. "I asked him about it, and his answers were suspiciously—well, to say the least of it, suspicious." I started with surprise. I could swear that the only remark made to me by the Adjutant had been, "And how are they all at home?" However, I let that pass.

"It's intended to be a moustache, Sir," I began.

"I don't care what it's intended to be," snapped the Colonel. "The question is, is it or is it not what it is?"

"Yes, Sir, it isn't—that is to say, No, Sir, it is," I stammered, astounded beyond measure at the extraordinary importance the Army apparently attached to moustaches.

"Well, it's a precious poor one, whichever it is—or is not, as the case may be. What's your opinion?" he asked, turning to the Adjutant.

"Quite so," said the latter. "Indeed, one might say even more so."

"Just so," said the Colonel. "Now let's get to the bottom of this matter. Where did you get it from?"

"I grew it," I replied in astonishment. "All by myself," I added, as if pleading extenuating circumstances.

"His parents did not help him with it, I can vouch for that," observed the Adjutant pleasantly.

"What seed did you use?" asked the Colonel.

"The very best, I assure you, Sir," I answered in desperation, as I began dimly to wonder if there was some War Office fertilizer I ought to have used and through ignorance had omitted to do so.

The Colonel approached me with a magnifying-glass in his hand. "Why, it's skewbald!" he cried. "Some of it's brown, some of it's flaxen, and—bless my soul!—some of it's ginger. You grew it in a pot! Why on earth didn't you bed it out?"

I racked my brains for some reminiscence of the law governing the billeting of moustaches on private individuals.

"King's Regulations, page 993," muttered the Adjutant.

"I won't have him," raved the Colonel, resuming his seat. "I won't have an officer that looks like a— By the by, what's the fellow's name?"

I was about to tell him who I was when the Adjutant said, "Charlie Chaplin."

"Excuse me, Sir," I put in hastily, "it's nothing of the sort. It's—"

"Do you mean to insinuate," said the Colonel angrily, "that the Adjutant doesn't even know your name? I shall have you conducted to the padded mess-room, and the M.O. shall remove your moustache, hair by hair, and wuzzle 'em."

I hadn't the faintest idea what he meant, but it sounded dreadfully degrading. I thought of my mother and sisters,



THE TUG OF PEACE.



Tommy (to his prisoner). "DO YOU UNDERSTAND ENGLISH?"

German. "I A LEEDLE UNDERSHDAND."

Tommy. "WELL, THEN, BLIMEY! YOU TRY AN' 'OP IT, AND YOU WON'T 'ALF BLOOMIN' WELL COP IT!"

and how proud they were of me. If I had only had an aunt or a grandmother I feel almost sure I should have thought of her too.

"Wozzle them, Sir?" I could only repeat blankly, a horrible grinding sound coming from the direction of the Adjutant, who was busy at a cupboard in the corner of the room. He was obviously getting the wozzler ready.

"Wozzle 'em was what I said," shouted the Colonel. "Wozzle 'em! WOZ-zleham Junction! Change here for Puddlecombe, Sir," said the Guard, putting his head in at the window.

THE PRESS IN WAR TIME.

WE observe that a German Professor has just issued a manifesto imploring the public not to destroy old newspapers. We have no doubt the German people will obey the Professor; they would never have been where they are had they not obeyed their professors. And yet—and yet the temptation to destroy some of the German newspapers must be very great.

The idea seems to be to use them for bedding for cattle, and we hastened to consult our Agricultural Expert, whom we encountered fortunately on our annual visit to Smithfield. He gave us the following notes:—

In my opinion the thing seems all right, but it won't be very comfortable. I notice however that, as the Professor warns to his work, a wider vision opens before him, and he suggests that papers might also be used as fodder, so that, after having fed the mind of man, they would go on to nourish the bodies of his dumb friends, and ultimately be "turned into steaks."

We may as well admit that, if it can be made to work, along with the parallel scheme for feeding pigs on cinders and poultry on cigar-ends, the collapse of Germany may still be far distant. On paper the cattle may do all right, but in practice difficulties are sure to arise. In the first place the censorship will have to be much more strict than it is if awkward facts in the situation are not to become the common gossip of the shippens. There have been many references in the German Press to a general slaughter of stock, with a view to preserving the grain supply; this might easily create a panic and put a whole herd off its feed.

Then again—especially in finishing beasts for the fat-stock markets—the most careful consideration in the matter of diet would be necessary. I shrewdly suspect that some of our own newspapers, which have already been accused of helping the enemy, may find their way into the troughs of the Fatherland. Failing that, a daily ration of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* might be recommended, with courses of *Vorwärts* at intervals as a sedative. But something more stimulating would be needed in the later stages, the *Berliner Tageblatt* perhaps. As a final dose nothing could possibly be better than a bale of the KAISER'S telegrams to TINO. These would have to be taken with a block of Attic salt.

The experiment will be watched with interest by agriculturists. It may be that at the German Smithfield—if there is such a thing—the patriotic prize-winner of the future will be announced as "PRIME: PAPER FED." And at the least it is a happy way of disposing of any scraps of paper which may have threatened to interfere with the KAISER'S Destructive Sword.

OUR "HELPFUL" SERIES.

No. V.—ECONOMY.

(After the style of Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, at it again in "The Daily News.")

Now that I have rolled over my opponents—in spite of their references to my fiction—on the question of Invisible Imports it is clear that we must get on to some other topic. From my unique correspondence I judge that there are still some people who don't understand the argument for war economy. I will therefore restate it and show them in a moment just exactly how it is.

To economise is to save money.

Money is saved by doing without things—not by adding to one's expenditure.

If we all economise faithfully we shall not spend so much money as we did before.

If these facts were understood there would be less confusion in the public mind than there is, despite the fact that human nature is human nature.

There are two ways of economising—the compulsory and the optional; that is to say the forced and the voluntary. Forced economy may involve a good deal of inconvenience. Voluntary economy might have the same effect were it not that human nature is human nature. (You can always get out of it that way.)

I will now explain where economy is reasonably to be expected.

(a) RENT.—Nothing doing here. I blame landlords for the state of affairs, and I blame building societies and mortgagees. Everyone is to blame, but the upshot is that unless the thing were organised on a large scale no results could be expected. If we all moved into smaller houses and the present large houses were allowed to stand empty for a bit, rents for big houses would come down with a run—and then we could all move back. But that demands unanimity.

(b) FOOD.—Optional economies might possibly be brought about. But I doubt it. You see human nature is—The waste is awful, I admit, for that very reason. To this day all meat is overcooked in Great Britain—every time. To this day potatoes are allowed to stand in cold water before being boiled. To this day toast crusts are cut off before it is served. To this day and to this hour bananas are eaten

without their skins. Our ignorance of the art of feeding is profound and shocking. And you may be sure that a nation capable of these grotesque follies will never economise in food. Why should they? So that is no good.

(c) DRESS.—Well, we don't spend much on clothes. All women spend far too little, which is a grotesque folly, profound and shocking. I am convinced that there are not enough and never have been enough new gloves in circulation. The duty to economise in dress is a very urgent one; but let us begin by trying to spend enough, when we may hope to have something reasonable to work on in making proper reductions. And mark you, the spectacle of streets full of shabby people, of ill-groomed men in taxi-cabs

to go third might well try the experiment. Why not? The money is simply transferred to the railway company, and you may be sure that the railway company will use it to the best possible advantage, whereas if you keep it you are pretty certain to chuck it about in some ridiculous manner. The same argument applies generally. You are quite safe in buying the best cigars, as your tobacconist is sure to be a less reckless spender than you are. Again, what about motors? We read of pleasure-cars. No one ever spoke of a pleasure-dog-cart. Have we forgotten the days when people used to scorch about the country in dog-carts? No one ever spoke of a pleasure-bus or a pleasure-cab. It is pure prejudice. Some say that we should sack our

chauffeurs, but that seems to me to be a fallacy. Suppose it were generally attempted. Suppose that Sir EDWARD GREY drove his own car. What should we think of the spectacle of our FOREIGN MINISTER down on his hands and knees in the mud of Whitehall looking for a puncture—while the GREEK MINISTER was waiting for him at his office? I can imagine nothing more destructive of our *moral*.

(f) DRINKING.—Something should be done here. But it will not be done. The Government seems to have surrendered to the miserable argument that human nature is human nature.

(g) DISTRACTIONS.—I see no objection to dancing.

On the contrary a practice which makes so directly for efficiency should not be neglected as it is. Theatres also are being neglected, which is a pity, for we shall live in a horrific void without them. But above all more money must be spent on books. Nothing steadies public opinion and uplifts *moral* like a voracious consumption of recent novels. Reduction of expenditure must not be confounded with true economy.

Here ends my list. The conclusions are, I know, profoundly true. If we all make up our minds once and for all to economise faithfully on the drastic lines here set forth—we can afford to win.

A Family Likeness.

Underneath a picture of an Egyptian monument:—

"The face of Ramses II here closely resembles that of his mummy."



Soldier. "THIS STAIRWAY DON'T SEEM TO ME TO BE MOVING VERY FAST."

Citizen. "AH, THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN USED TO DASHING ABOUT AT THE FRONT ON THEM MOTORS AND FLYING-MACHINES."

and dowdy women at matinées—No, no! It must not be. It would adversely affect our spirits. It would play the deuce with our *moral*. Nothing can possibly be done in this department. (See "Helpful" Series No. IV.—"Moral.")

(d) DOMESTIC SERVICE.—No; it looks attractive but it can't be done. You can only dismiss a servant by shutting up part of your house. And you cannot in practice shut up part of a house. It is sure to burst open again, as long as human—Any economy on these lines is ultimately uneconomical.

(e) TRAVEL.—Great misapprehension exists on this point. It is erroneously supposed that money can be saved by travelling less and travelling cheaper. Don't you believe it. I can see no earthly reason why those of us who have been accustomed to travel first-class should not continue to do so; nay more, I hold that those who used

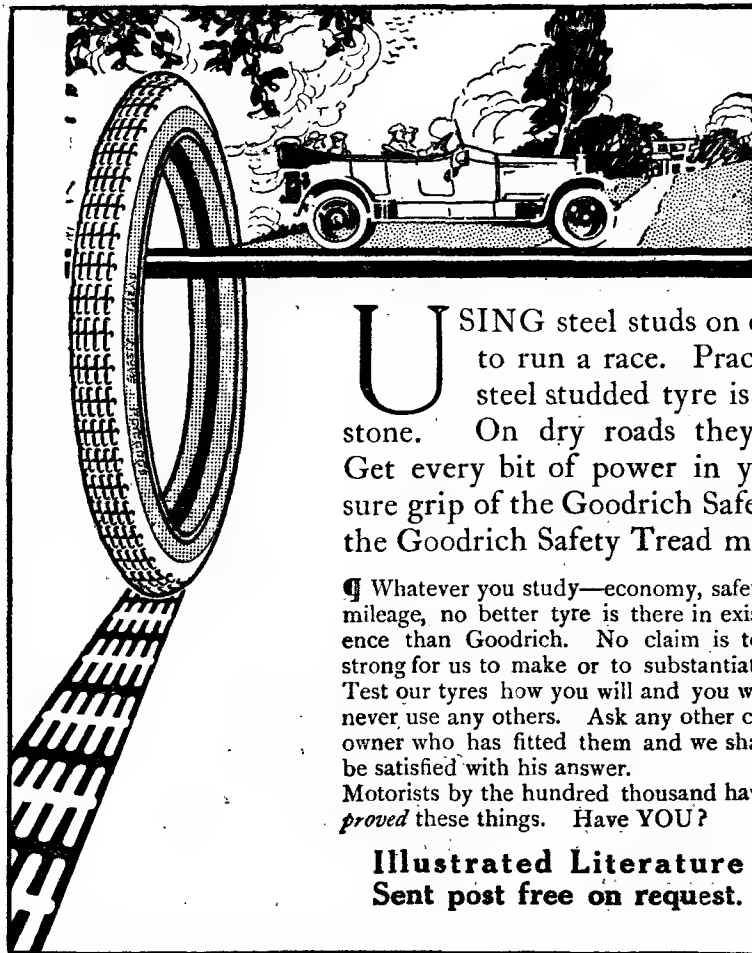
*Born 1820—
Still going strong.*



GENIAL OLD GENTLEMAN: "And do you think 1916 will bring us a cheerful and contented spirit?"

JOHNNIE WALKER: "It certainly will. I put it in reserve 12 years ago."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.



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You don't need steel studded tyres

USING steel studs on dry roads is like putting on a pair of sea boots to run a race. Practically the only kind of road that requires a steel studded tyre is a churned-up surface of Derbyshire limestone. On dry roads they are often dangerous, as you well know. Get every bit of power in your engine down to the road; the strong sure grip of the Goodrich Safety Tread will transmit it without loss. Also, the Goodrich Safety Tread misses most things on the road that puncture.

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REMEMBER THE NAME.

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"BEST IN THE LONG RUN."

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Soldier, Nurse and—

SANAPHOS



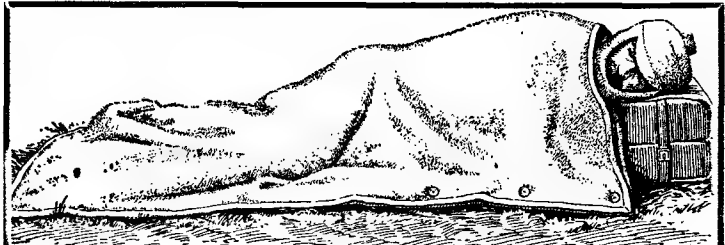
Trial Package Free to Readers.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out or nerve-shattered soldiers; rebuilding muscle, strength, nerve and brain energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness.

Sanaphos (which is all British and must not be confused with the German-owned preparations) is wholly digestible and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle, it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves—elements not present in sufficient quantities in our ordinary food.

If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed, send to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of Sanaphos. If you mention that you are a reader of this paper the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is The British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 69 Mark Lane, London, E.C. (Sir William Taylor, Surgeon-General of the Forces, is Chairman of the Company).

Chemists have Sanaphos now, in tins, from 1s. To avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the name "SanaPHOS."



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Jaeger Sleeping-bags provide splendid protection against the coldest weather. Warm, snug and light.

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Please help them to help our Wounded. Donations to:
The British Red Cross, (Room 99), 83 Pall Mall, London.



Visitor. "HOW DELIGHTED YOU MUST HAVE BEEN WHEN YOU HEARD YOUR SON HAD WON THE V.C.!"

Scotch Wife. "O AY! I WAS PLEASED ENOUGH, BUT I WASNA SURPRISED. HE STOOD UP TO ME ONCE!"

A MANOR IN THE AIR.

THE stately homes of England have ever numbered some very odd names. Everyone remembers that beautiful Southern retreat whither, to the delight of the wags, Mr. BALFOUR often journeyed for his week-end holiday—"Clouds," the seat of the WYNDHAMS. Could there be a much more fascinating name than "Clouds"? And then there is "Wrest," Lord LUCAS's Bedfordshire home, now transferred, how suitably, into a hospital for soldiers. And there is that Midland paradise which, in the days of placid even life, the editors of illustrated weeklies always recollected with gratitude when they were short of other pictures—"Compton Wynyates."

But the new name which I have just discovered, and which fills the inward eye with joy, is a house on a smaller scale than these—a manor-house rather than a mansion, perhaps one of the smallest that can be described as a "gentleman's place," but assuredly that. Somewhere in Sussex, Western Sussex.

It is not near the station, and to reach it you walk or drive along winding roads just now sodden with rain, but smelling of the good wet Sussex leaves and mast and soil, with the

Downs rising not too many miles away in the South. Then a turn into a narrow lane, with the bare trees of a copse on either side and a scurrying pheasant in front of you, and behold the white gate! There is no lodge—the house is just too small for that, as you can now see for yourself, for there it is, under the protection of the wood that rises behind it, so quiet and self-contained that you almost gasp.

Very old it is, but good for many years more. The frame is of timber and plaster, and a Horsham stone roof. These stones are a little damp and moss-covered (for our ancestors insisted on building in a hole, or where would Friday's fish come from?), and the place is as Tudor as QUEEN BESS herself, in whose reign its foundations were dug. The chimney stacks, all smoking with the thin blue smoke of logs, are of tiny Tudor bricks, and the chimneys are set not square with the house but cornerways. A long low façade with the central door in a square porch; the whole grave but serene.

A path of more Horsham stone leads to the door, with thyme and lavender springing from the interstices undis-
mayed by the feet of man, and smooth lawns on each side, and under the diamond-paned windows a bed where in summer would be night stock and

lemon verbena and tobacco plant and mignonette. On the roof a few white fantails; a spaniel near the door; and a great business of rooks in the sky. Through the windows of the lower rooms you see the greenery at the back of the house and a suggestion here and there of books and pictures—everything that makes a house a home.

Beside the house on the right are the stables; and on the other side a dark shrubbery, and beyond that more lawns and gardens and the fish-pond.

Do you see it? Perhaps you have already seen it differently; for how could you help forming some mental picture of it when in every carriage on the L. B. & S. C. R. is posted up the notice, "Passengers to Lower Blinds"?

To me "Lower Blinds" is just such a manor-house as that.

Stellenbosched?

"GENERAL leaving through war, nearly 5 years' character."—*Morning Paper*.

Austrian official report:—

"A memorial service was held on December 2 by our troops in the sandjak of Novi Bazar and Mitrovitza, the population enthusiastically participating."

Manchester Evening News.

There is no reason to doubt the truth of this statement.

THE WATCH DOGS.

XXXI.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—You should drop in one of these evenings at "A" Mess, just to see the odd collection of specialists who go to make up our company. These are the people who have the Bright Ideas.

First there is the Colonel, whose business in life is horses, Sir. He is a soldier of the old school, courtly and kind till it comes to a matter of business with a regimental transport officer. Then he develops a nasty suspicious side to his nature, no doubt calling to mind the affair of a certain "horse, draught, one" of earlier days of the campaign. Once upon a time the Nth Division (let us say) found itself the possessor of a horse which it did not love, but which would not die. Being wise in his generation the officer in charge very wickedly prefixed another number to that already there before he turned the beast adrift. In due course the Colonel became aware of the irregular existence somewhere in France of a horse marked NNth Division (let us say) and behaving in a suspicious manner; and, also in due course, the NNth Division got to hear of the same thing and of the Colonel's pained surprise in the matter. The responsible person was invited to explain it and not to be deterred from putting the explanation in writing by the fact that it would certainly be used in evidence against him.

Now it happened that the NNth Division had not at that time left England, but were none the less ready on that account to oblige the Colonel. They were prepared to furnish any number of explanations, but for the moment regarded the following as the most attractive:—"The horse, draught, one, feeling bitterly that the establishment of the NNth Division was complete without it, had trotted away from ALDERSHOT (possibly in high dudgeon), made its way to FOLKESTONE, jumped off the pier while the M.L.O. was snatching a hasty but well-deserved meal ELSEWHERE, grounded at or near the B in BOULOGNE, been shaken off the drops, strolled up-country to have a look at the trenches, taken a foolish dislike to the latter, galloped back again, boarded a train for MARSEILLES, and when apprehended was doubtless intending to proceed thence to some PLACE UNKNOWN." This minute was not made more welcome to the Colonel by the remark upon it of an old enemy through whom it was passed:—"For your guidance, please."

Then we have a most diabolical Captain known as Patent Processes. There is only one man in the Mess of sufficient

intellect to take part in his highly technical conversations, and that is the Lieutenant, in the same business but the other side of it, known as Antidotes for Same. They are rarely in complete harmony, but recently they combined to beg, borrow or steal a horse off the Colonel. This put the Colonel, always anxious to encourage youth and energy, in a fix; as he said, you supply one sort of horse for riding purposes and another for experimenting on. They, of course, could be no more explicit with him than I am being with you, for, as we all now know so well, "*les ennemies oreilles nous écoutent.*"

Then there's Eliza, a very necessary euphemism (as you'll agree) for his technical description, Liaison Officer. You are not going to be told even what his business is; no one is allowed to know that. We suspect that he is kept in the dark himself. Whatever it is, he carries it about with him on his long journeys in a little bag. I have only managed to see that open once, and then he was helping himself to a piece of chocolate out of it. However, he never fails to bring back with him at night the very latest news from the very highest authority. He hints at it, behind closed doors, in the most discreet of whispers; and sure enough there it is in next morning's paper, officially denied.

Don't let yourself be deceived by the dignified bearing and intellectual refinement of Captain—. He will discuss with you diplomacy and the fine arts; he will condescend, in an academic vein, to remark upon the nuances of feminine fashions, but on the whole he will leave you under the impression that the principle of his existence is *noblesse oblige*. Nothing of the sort: he's the Inspector of Army Ashpits. There never was a rubbish tip in the area but he must needs get to the bottom of it. We call him "Sue," which is short for sewage.

Next comes the General Staff Officer. The hurried nature and inconvenient times of his meals induced us for a long time to look upon him as a busy man, but now Lord ST. DAVIDS has shown him up. We therefore assume his timetable to be:—9 A.M. to 1 P.M., beer and bridge; 2 P.M. to 5, cocktails and piquet; 5.30 to 7.30, whisky and auction; 8.30 to closing time, wine, women and song. Those solitary nights he spends on duty are given to absinthe and the more vicious forms of patience. Is it not all very, very sad? To the casual observer looking in, a General Staff office looks like a particularly dull insurance office always working overtime, instead of which it is, of course, a sink of iniquity, the female portion of which is cleverly disguised as unattractive and not too well-dressed Staff Sergeants.

Last, but not least, comes the Camp Commandant, whose lot it is to do adjutant over us, amongst others. The other day, in performance of his duty, he posted a notice in the Mess:—

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. HUMBER, Capt.,
Camp Commandant.

For some days the only result was as follows:—

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. HUMBER, Capt.,
Camp Commandant.

One. H. H. HUMBER, Capt.

Even that failed to encourage the others, and this was the complete text of the notice when last seen:—

NOTICE.

Will Officers please state how many Gas Helmets they possess?

H. H. HUMBER, Capt.,
Camp Commandant.

One. H. H. HUMBER, Capt.

Thank you.

H. H. HUMBER, Capt.,
Camp Commandant.

Last night we had a guest, a most engaging Colonel of one of the new units. His youth was spent soldiering, his middle age in commerce. His full maturity finds him in his element again. He said he wasn't feeling quite himself at the moment, having that morning had on the carpet (the Orderly Room carpet) his own bank manager. War is war and platoon commanders must be treated as such if the rifle-barrels of their platoons don't shine bravely through the rain. "Understand clearly," he said, "if this happens again you're for it, and you can do what you like about my confounded overdraft."

"It's a hard life for an old soldier," he told us, but the old soldier doesn't set about to make it harder. On receiving summary orders from the War Office to report for duty, his first action had been to issue equally summary orders to his private *chef* to the same effect. He kept the fat, jovial but thoroughly surprised fellow by him while the Testament was sent for, and himself swore him in then and there. And so, within a few hundred yards of the Hun, the good cook continues daily to produce divine novelties from tins of bully beef and plum-and-apple jam. He takes his revenge for forced marches by wearing on all occasions a faded straw hat with his uniform, laughing at all threats of imprisonment. "I hate punishing my men," said the Colonel. "Quite," said we.

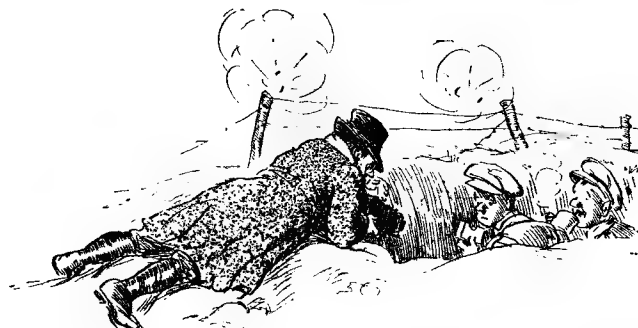
Yours ever, HENRY.

OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE FRONT.

[This modest gentleman, feeling that the only flaw in his snapshots is the unavoidable omission of his own figure, has asked to have the story of his courage illustrated in black-and-white.]



I HAD SOME DIFFICULTY IN REACHING THE FIRING-LINE.



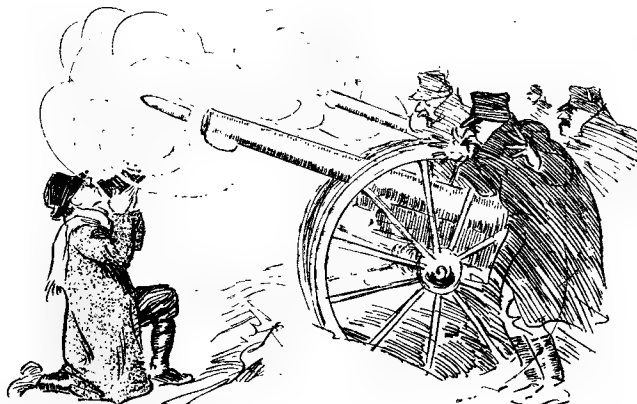
IT WAS LUNCH-TIME WHEN I ARRIVED, AND I GOT A GOOD PICTURE OF THE TRENCH METHOD OF TAKING REFRESHMENT.



HOWEVER, I WAS ORDERED AWAY BY A WELL-KNOWN V.C.



HAVING TAKEN PART IN THE SPIRITED CHARGE OF THE —THS,



I PROCEEDED TO THE FRENCH LINES, WHERE I OBTAINED A UNIQUE SNAP OF SHELL ACTUALLY LEAVING GUN.



I WAS THEN ARRESTED. MY GUARDS WERE OF THE FAMOUS —TH REGIMENT.



ORDERED BY AN EMINENT COLONEL TO BE SHOT, I WAS ABLE TO SNAP HIM IN THE VERY ACT OF PASSING SENTENCE.



THANKS TO THE COURTESY OF CAPTAIN — I WAS PERMITTED TO TAKE MY LAST PICTURE JUST AS THE ORDER TO FIRE WAS BEING GIVEN . . . PLEASE NOTE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF REPRIEVE.

Frank Reynolds



A MATTER OF COURTESY.

GALLANT HIGHLAND OFFICER TAKING A LADY VOLUNTEER'S SALUTE.

THE AUSTRALIAN.

[“The bravest thing God ever made.”—*A British Officer's opinion.*]

THE skies that arched his land were blue,
His bush-born winds were warm and sweet,
And yet from earliest hours he knew
The tides of victory and defeat;
From fierce floods thundering at his birth,
From red droughts ravaging while he played,
He learned to fear no foes on earth—
“The bravest thing God ever made!”

The bugles of the Motherland
Rang ceaselessly across the sea,
To call him and his lean brown band
To shape Imperial destiny;
He went, by youth's grave purpose willed,
The goal unknown, the cost unweighed,
The promise of his blood fulfilled—
“The bravest thing God ever made!”

We know—it is our deathless pride!—
The splendour of his first fierce blow;
How, reckless, glorious, undenied,
He stormed those steel-lined cliffs we know!
And none who saw him scale the height
Behind his reeking bayonet-blade
Would rob him of his title-right—
“The bravest thing God ever made!”

Bravest, where half a world of men
Are brave beyond all earth's rewards,

So stoutly none shall charge again
Till the last breaking of the swords;
Wounded or hale, won home from war,
Or yonder by the Lone Pine laid,
Give him his due for evermore—
“The bravest thing God ever made!”

W. H. O.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch begs to remind his gentle readers of the great and not very difficult service they can do to our gallant Soldiers and Sailors, whose worst enemy is boredom, if they will collect all the Magazines and Books which they can spare for the need of the Camps Library (Sevenpenny Editions are in great request), and simply hand them, unwrapped and unlabelled, over the counter of the nearest Post Office. No postage need be paid.

In the Cradle of the Deep.

“Admiral Sir John Rushworth Jellicoe, Commander-in-Chief of the British Grand Fleet, celebrated his second birthday yesterday in keeping watch over the enemy's vessels.”—*Southern Daily Echo.*

“Mr. Villiers told the audience the circumstances of an exciting adventure when he was taken for a German spy, by a French gendarme. The same morning three German spies had been shot. So he told the gendarme how he was an Englishman and a friend of their Mayor's, but it was only when he presented the gendarme with a note for 25 centimes that he got his release.”—*Hull Times.*

We gather that the gendarme was a stamp-collector.



AN EMPTY VICTORY.

Imperial Sculptor. "I WANT YOU TO SIT FOR MY COLOSSAL FIGURE OF 'VICTORY.'"

Germania. "YES, SIRE. MIGHT I HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO EAT FIRST?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, December 6th.—As usual, lion's share of Questions fell to lot of UNDER-SECRETARY FOR WAR. Also as usual, TENNANT's replies were excellent alike in substance and manner.

The art of answering Questions satisfactorily not easy of full attainment. A Minister, especially one of junior rank and of age known at the War Office as "eligible," must avoid pertness, but should be able occasionally to gratify the almost infantile desire of House to be amused. He must be frank in statement whilst discreet in measure of information conveyed. In dealing with multiplicity of inquiries, a considerable portion born of personal vanity or desire for self-advertisement, he must live up, at least in appearance, to the Pauline example of suffering fools gladly. At the same time he must be able at rare intervals to administer sharp rap on knuckles to a pest of the Question-hour who momentarily excels himself.

TENNANT too gentle by nature, too courteous by habit, to distinguish himself in last field of action. Other requirements necessary to success in difficult position he daily exhibits, achievement rendered easier by fact that he has modestly won his way to favour of all sections of House, with possible exception of Herr GINNELL, who is inclined to class him with his colleague, the IRISH SECRETARY.

Business done.—Finance Bill further considered on Report. New Clauses introduced by CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER.

Tuesday.—Often wondered of late what had become of STANLEY WILSON. In days that are no more he was prominent amid group of implacables above Gangway on Opposition side. Theirs not to reason why. On Treasury Bench was a Ministry scheming for Home Rule and other legislative iniquity. Business of group alluded to was to obstruct, if not absolutely stop, their progress. Member for Holderness Division active and sedulous in this patriotic mission. When Might triumphed over Right and Home Rule Bill added to Statute Book he slacked off attendance. Since War began—to-day at least two of his old compatriots are seated on Treasury Bench cheek by jowl with ancient enemy—has disappeared from parliamentary scene.

News comes this morning explaining

mystery. Always ready to serve his country in whatsoever capacity WILSON volunteered for service as King's Messenger. As he was coming home, due in good time for Christmas festivities at Tranby Croft, Austrian submarine suddenly popped up. Commander boarded Greek vessel that carried STANLEY, his fortunes and his despatches, and bore them off in custody.

House hears with regret of the misadventure. In spite of, perhaps because of, his occasionally boisterous manner STANLEY a general favourite. Some consolation found in circumstance that he is the prize of an Austrian crew

HIS MAJESTY's Ministers contributed to the public exchequer a considerable proportion of money drawn from it in the way of official salaries. Enlisted the KING in the good work, HIS MAJESTY contributing a sum from the Civil List.

Members keenly interested in CHIEF SECRETARY's public utterance on question. They recognise that, like *Captain Bunsby's* sage remarks, "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it." If Ministers relinquish part of salaries hardly earned the crusade of the numerically small, personally influential, section of the Commons who desire to see the Mother of Parliaments relieved from increasingly undignified position will receive irresistible impetus. Members can't go on taking full payment of £400 a year voted to themselves in time of peace whilst they insist on their constituents practising self-denial.

To-morrow the Reichstag meets. IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR expected to indicate terms on which the WAR LORD may be prepared graciously to grant peace to prostrate Allies. In speech at Guildhall in October last year, PRIME MINISTER plainly indicated terms upon which the KAISER may have peace. By undesigned coincidence he to-night indicated the latest attitude of the Allies on subject.

"If," he said, "proposals of a serious character for a general peace are put forward, either directly or through a neutral Power, by the Enemy Governments they will be discussed by the Allied Governments."

This intimation is at the service of the IMPERIAL CHANCELLOR for any use he cares to make of it when giving final touch to his speech.

Business done.—Rent Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—PREMIER announces that arrangements have been concluded with Law Officers of Crown for reducing their rate of remuneration during the War.

"That," said Herr GINNELL, "is what I call opening the door to the thin edge of the wedge."

"Has the right hon. gentleman any idea when the Parliamentary Session will come to a close?" asked Mr. LOUGH. "No, Sir, not the slightest," cheerily answered the PREMIER.

Business done.—Budget Bill amid mutual congratulations passed Third Reading. Another tight job completed by the passing of WALTER LONG's Rent Bill through Committee.



A BIRRELLIAN IDEA.

rather than of a German. His treatment during coming festive season may accordingly be more Christmassy.

Business done.—Another uneventful sitting dealing with Finance Bill on Report stage. Half-an-hour after midnight permitted to pass it.

Wednesday.—Much talk in Lobby about BIRRELL's suggestion that by way of setting example, process more potent than giving advice, Ministers should accept reduction of salaries during continuance of War.

There is closely relevant precedent for self-denying ordinance. More than a hundred years ago, when PRIT with his back to the wall was fighting NAPOLEON, it was necessary to impose taxation relatively higher than that now cheerfully borne. It occurred to PRIT that it would be a good thing if



IF WE HAD BEEN PRUSSIANS.

SCENES FROM A REVISED HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN. A SEQUEL TO THE SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA.

SALE PRICE.

SCENE—"The Plough and Horses."

"OVER-REACHED 'erself a bit—well, well."

"'Oo be you 'ludin' to, Luther Cherri-man? Friend of yourn?"

"Gi'e 'er a name an' done wi' it—that's what I says."

"'Er name's well know'd to all—Annie 'Arbour, that's 'er name."

"But no partic'lar friend o' anyone 'ere, fur as I knows."

"Went to school wi' 'er, I did. Carrotty curls, she 'ad—bit of a know-all then."

"Bit of a know-all still, an' nosey wi' it, so the womenfolk seem to say."

"Still I be fair sorry for the woman now."

"Tell us 'bout it, then."

"Ain't you 'eard?"

"Don't 'ear nothin' of 'er 'cept once in a way. She an' my missus don't see 'xactly eye to eye—that's 'ow 'tis. Case o' bein' uncommon clever—that's what 'twas. You all know 'er boy 'listed matter o' three months back—nobody couldn't stop 'im no longer, nor they couldn't."

"Spit o' 'is father, that boy—strong, 'ardworkin' chap as ever walked, 'is father were."

"An' died o' a wapse's sting, so they do say. Stung an' dead an' all in less time 'an' 'twould take to lift a row o' potatoes."

"Losin' 'er 'usband, same as she did, gi'e 'er a sort o' 'scuse for tyin' that boy o' 'ers to 'er apron-strings."

"Apron-strings not strong 'nough to 'old 'is father's son, though, when it's war a-callin' 'im."

"They do say as 'is mother's tongue be a thing to flee from, too. 'Tain't as if 'e 'ad a pack o' brothers an' sisters to share it wi' 'im, neither."

"Shouldn't 'a said 'e were old 'nough for full-blown soldier. But time do fly, an' no mistake."

"Nor 'e wasn't old 'nough for part 'e claimed—that's the way 'twas. But a fine up-standin' lad, an' when 'e gi'e in 'is age as eighteen, if anythin' were thought nothin' weren't asked. Don't do to ask too much in war-time."

"Ask no questionses an' you don't 'ear no lies."

"There you be gettin' on wrong tack again, George, same as usual. Lie came first in this 'ere case, an' the question as might have proved it one was left out—that's all."

"You chaps don't need to arguefy 'bout that. Tell us your yarn, Luther, 'fore it be time to quit."

"'It be 'ceedin' simple, what I got to tell. 'Ere be fine up-standin' son, all joggety like to be off, an' 'ere be 'is mother clingin' 'old o' 'im still, like grim death. Yet off 'e goes an' calls 'isself eighteen, 'e does, an' says as 'ow 'e'd been 'lowin' 'is mother fifteen bob a week, all told. Consequence is 'e gets a man's pay an' 'is mother she gets 'er tidy bit as well. An' to make up for it King an' country they gets the strongest young chap in these 'ere parts—same as 'is father' fore 'im, 'oo were a cert'n match for any man, but not for wapses."

"Annie 'Arbour weren't satisfied, though, if I guesses right?"

"You does guess right—an easy guess. Annie 'Arbour, she couldn't rest no'ow wi' 'er son recruitin' an' not a soul to nag at from daybreak to sun-down an' round again. So she tried this way an' she tried that for to get 'old o' 'im again, an' not a morsel o' chance did she see. Then all of a sudden it come to 'er, an' she thought she'd struck it fine."

"'Ow was that, Luther?"

"She devised it all very careful an' business-like, I be bound to say. Got 'is birth certificate down from London, she did, thinkin' to floor th' authorities wi' that most proper. Sixteen, birth

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is that (who has been kept waiting for medical examination) "YOU'VE KEPT ME WAITING ABOUT HERE FOR OVER FOUR HOURS."
 "AND WHAT ABOUT FOR MY LAD? YOU'VE KEPT US HANGING ABOUT HERE FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS!"

certificate set 'im out to be—all of it in black an' white, as solemn as Judgment Day. Authorities couldn't deny it—an' hein't try.

"What did th' authorities do, then?"

"Cut down 'is mother's 'lowance 'im born under age an' not likely to 'ave ever earnt all that ere to give 'er. Now she do 'ave to go on workin' for 'er livin' same as rest of us."

"Authorities didn't give 'er back 'er son, though, did they?"

"Knowed a trick worth two o' that, seemin'ly. Th' authorities weren't born yesterday. Kep' 'er son, they did, an' didn't as much as thank 'er for lettin' 'em 'ave 'im at sale price, as you might say."

Canon Scott Holland will lecture at St. Martin's, the Fields, Charing Cross, on Wednesday, November 17 at 8 p.m. Subject, "The Nineteenth Century." *The Chronicle*.

Memo for the lecturer: Take care of the months and the centuries will look after themselves.

Mr. Remond is drifting away from trade unions, thought some illuminating remarks a week since. *Norwood Review*.

But seems, perhaps wisely, to have kept them to himself.

ROOSEVELT ON WILSON

(Lines to an omnitriller poem)

HE never touches any meat,
 Canned beans are what he loves to eat.
 He dare not drink his grape juice neat.
 His life-blood has no more of heat.
 Tell us you can find in driving sleet.

He thinks in his profound conceit
 That he is of the world's elite.
 He is disgustingly discreet.
 His policy, half bluff, half bleat,
 Invariably speeds Retreat.

I've searched the lexicon of SKAT
 In vain for epithets to treat.
 In any time, fit and meet,
 This acid pug, mane, effete,
 Who sits in mine and LINCOLN'S seat.

So, when I see him on the street,
 The pedant absolute, complete
 Fish-like and saggy from head to feet,
 I long to batter, bash, and beat
 This blamed Byzantine Logotheto!

Journalistic Candour.

NEW DAYS reflect the new spirit of the times. Never a heavy, dull, lifeless organ of the pseudo-intellectual variety, it is always alive. *The Methodist Times*.

Is it not true that the right of the Miserables and the Sufferers to be one M. and C. was retracted? We should like to suggest that our authorities should be allowed to assume the right of his family had been it for three generations. But we have not the time to play practical. *Evening Paper*.

We have great pleasure in sharing these doubts.

No gift of decoration was needed to reach this move, the mission of Sir Edward Grey. It was for so long the fact that all warning of it was suppressed by the Censor. And as the Foreign Office was surprised.

W. M. T. G.

The Censor ought to have remembered that Sir Edward Grey relies on the Press for all his information.

If you want a first class Blister you can get one from A. S. L. send postal order for 1s. 6d. We will send package carriage paid. *British Times*.

Who says that there are no bargains to be picked up in war time?

Judging by the subscription list, the utterance of this sentiment will be even larger than at the last, when we were unable to gain admittance. *Mother's Day*.

Let's hope they've enlarged the Hall in the meantime.

AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT.

ABOUT 10.30 o'clock on the night of the —th —er, 19—, I was shivering in my tent and trying to extract a pair of frozen feet from a pair of freezing gun-boots with the help of a tent pole when an orderly dashed in with a message marked "Urgent or ordinary" for my immediate use.

It appeared therefrom that no less a person than — was going to inspect us to-morrow.

I read on with comparative non-chalance (chalance was out of the question at that temperature) until I came to a bit about Company Commanders. (I was, in a manner of speaking, a Company Commander at that date. I believe I got an extra sixpence a day for it, on account of the responsibility, you know—or perhaps it was to keep a horse with; anyhow, "Company Commanders," read the message, "will be expected to know everything.")

More words may have followed qualifying even this moderate expectation; but as a matter of fact I suddenly realised just at this point that I was ill—horribly ill; had been for weeks.

With a feeble gesture and a few curt decisive orders I indicated to the orderly that I wished him to hand the message on to the Sergeant-Major. Then I fell back and would have swooned but for—I can't really think why I didn't swoon. Perhaps because there was no one looking.

There are various ways of squaring doctors. It happened by chance that I had a great number of socks on hand. The strength of a man is his weakest kink. Our doctor's kink is socks. You can't give him enough. He has an idea, apparently not shared by official sources of issue, that socks save the men from frostbite. Anyhow, next day he provided me with a motor-car and a disease—I learned its name by heart—and left another officer with the company to swank before the inspector. I believe in giving some of the younger men a chance.

They brought me gradually here. We arrived at dead of night and took the place by complete surprise. Eventually we were lined up and asked to account for ourselves. I assured them that I was seventy-seven years old, had thirty-two years' service, had been in the country nineteen years and was a Bush Baptist.

The R.A.M.C. Corporal seemed dubious, but allowed me into B Ward. There a sister woke up and inquired what was the matter with me.

I told her.

She seemed incredulous and asked me again.

I repeated my lesson twice, and even then I was sure she didn't believe me.

"Where have you got it?" she asked.

"Here," I said. "I didn't like trusting it to my valise."

She made a disappointed noise.

"Haven't you a card?" she began again.

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, "but I've had none printed since war broke out. You see—"

"I mean a card saying what's the matter with you—from the clearing station?"

"No," I said. "No; you see, they couldn't have got it all in on a card, and it wasn't worth writing a letter, as I was coming myself so soon."

She sent me to bed.

Next day the doctor came round. I told him nearly the whole truth.

"Fact is," I said, "the division's 'resting,' and I'm most awfully fed up, and our doc. thought—"

"I see," he said. "How long have you been out?"

I told him.

He was a very sensible sort of doctor.

HECKLEBURY HALL.

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THE curriculum of the College is specially designed to prepare pupils for a Parliamentary career.

Especial attention is given to shy, retiring and silent boys, with a view to encouraging them to speak and assert themselves on all occasions in a spirit of fearless independence and aggressive importunity.

The dominant note of the College is the Note of Interrogation.

Besides attending lectures by the greatest experts in the Inquisitorial Art, pupils assemble twice a day, at 12 noon and 5 P.M., to take part in a contest which faithfully reproduces the conditions of Question Time in the House of Commons, the professors acting as Ministers and the boys as Members.

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barrassing, the most irrelevant and the most truculent questions.

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N.B.—Ill-tempered, violent and quarrelsome boys are judiciously treated on a new system of intensive culture, so that their idiosyncrasies may be turned to the best possible account.

Testimonials received by the Principal:

DEAR SIR,—Although my son has only been for one term at your College I am glad to say that he has already largely conquered his hereditary bashfulness. Only yesterday he asked his aunt at luncheon, in the presence of the Vicar, how long she had dyed her hair.

Gratefully yours, PAUL PYTOR.

DEAR SIR,—In sending you cheque for next term I wish to express my indebtedness to your admirable method of instruction as illustrated by the progress of my son Jasper. This morning he asked me whether I intended to give him a war-bonus in the shape of an extra shilling a week pocket-money, and when I replied that I must consult my bankers before answering the question, he threw his plate, containing poached egg and bacon, at me with extraordinary accuracy of aim. I attribute this result to the excellent training he has received from your Professor of Ballistics; and beg to sign myself,

Yours truly, CHICKERING PECK.

DEAR SIR,—Before he went to Hecklebury Hall my son was the most backward boy I ever knew. He is now the most forward lad I have ever met. We never know what he will say or do next. He has revolutionised our home life, and my wife seldom leaves her room in the holidays. You are at liberty to make any use you like of this letter.

Yours faithfully, HADDEN DOONE.

DEAR SIR,—I have no sons, but if I had twenty I would send them all to your school to be turned into Hecklebury Finns. It is the finest product of our times and the only school where the young idea is instructed on the sound principle of being always "agin the Government." Heaven prosper your noble efforts to elevate the practice of Ministerial tail-twisting to the dignity of a high Art, I had almost said a Religion! Why should the Americans have the monopoly of it?

Your admirer, DAMPIER PEEVEY.



Captured German Officer (to English Officer in charge of German prisoners). "YOU FIGHT FOR MONEY; WE FIGHT FOR HONOUR."
English Officer. "AH, WELL! NEITHER OF US SEEMS TO GET WHAT WE WANT, DO WE?"

THE UNIVERSAL PRETEXT.

"In future," said the restaurant proprietor, "we will have only Colonial and American meat. That will save something."

"But," said the manager, "the difference between English and foreign is to us, who buy so much, very slight, and our customers won't like it."

"They won't know," said the proprietor.

"They'll suspect," said the manager. "What am I to say if they send for me and ask me point-blank?"

"Say?" said the proprietor. "Say that it's English but that the *chef* has cooked it badly. Say that we can't count on the kitchen any more owing to the War."

"Understand," said the tailor to his foreman, "I won't pay any more for labour, not another farthing."

"But it looks as if you will have to," replied the foreman. "There is a scarcity of girls."

"No, I've been bled enough," said the tailor. "If they don't like it they can leave it. We can always get others at the price."

"I doubt it," said the foreman; "and the work will be badly done."

"Never mind," said the tailor. "Everyone makes allowances now. Say it's owing to the War."

"Well," said the brewer, "we're up against it now, what with extra duties and new restrictions. There's nothing for it but more water."

"I doubt if it will stand any more, Sir," said the manager. "It's about as thin as we can make it now."

"Well, you must try something," said the brewer, "and, after all, the houses are tied and we can give them what we like. Do your best."

"I will, Sir; but I think it's a mistake."

"Pooh! who's to object? And we can always lay the blame on the War."

"It's absurd," said the jam manufacturer, "to use so much fruit. Nowadays all that's wanted is the sweetness and the suggestion. Increase the alloy by another fifteen per cent. at least—glucose, swedes, whatever it is."

"Won't that be rather dangerous?" the manager inquired.

"We'll take the risk," said the manufacturer; "but I don't feel nervous. We can always say it's the War."

"What are you making our best

Turkish cigarettes of now?" the tobacco magnate inquired.

"The same tobacco as usual," replied the manager.

"Well, don't do it any more," said the magnate. "Mix in at least a third of the No. 3."

"At the same price?" the manager asked.

"Of course. We must get something out of it."

"We had raised the price already," said the manager.

"Well, I wish it," said the magnate.

"They'll probably notice something and kick," said the manager.

"Oh no, they won't. They're prepared for things like that. They'll think it's the War."

And after all, why not? If we have got to have a war, let's make some use of it.

"Trousers, fit 38-in. chest, 5/-."

The Bazaar.

The "lower chest," presumably.

"The sock industry is new to the Isle of Man, and it took some little time to get the work on its feet."—*The Methodist Recorder.*

Possibly the three legs of Manxland accentuated the difficulty.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

"Francesca," I said, "I'm afraid my cough is no better; wuff-wuff-gruff-ruff-wuff."

"It's your own fault," she said. "If you would only consent to take your cough-mixture regularly you'd have got rid of it long ago."

"Francesca, how can you bring yourself to say such things? I certainly took a good strong working dose yesterday—or was it the day before? Anyhow, I'm sure I took something yesterday, and it hasn't done me a bit of good—gruff-wuff-gruff."

"If," she said, "you want a cough to yield to treatment you must first of all treat it."

"But that's just what I have done," I said. "I've given it all the nice things I could think of. It has had dozens of delectable jujubes, and scores of pastilles, and jars of black-currant jam in hot water; and yesterday I gave it breakfast in bed so as to humour it, and—wuff-gruff-wuff—this is all the return I get for my kindness."

"Well," she said, "you're not the only person in the world who's got a cough. I've got one myself—hack-hock-hank—and it's every bit as bad as yours, only I don't complain about it to everybody. I just bear it."

"No, you don't," I said. "You cough it and I bear it. It kept me awake for an hour last night."

"Yours kept me awake for an hour and a-half."

"You must be mistaken," I said coldly. "My cough's not the sort that can keep anybody awake except its owner. It isn't a loud cough. It's a gentle cough with a digging movement which is splendidly effective—gruff-gruff-ruff-wuff. Now your cough—I'll admit for the sake of argument that you've got one—isn't a real cough at all. It's just a harsh, metallic, choky bark."

"My cough," she said with dignity, "is as nature made it. And, at any rate, I'm using the cough mixture." She poured herself out a dose and drank it down.

"Francesca," I said, "you have great courage. Give me the bottle and let me, too, attack the enemy with this nauseous stuff. There, I've drunk it—wuff-wuff-gruffer-ruffer-wuffer. Bah! it only makes it worse."

"It's made mine much better. I couldn't cough now if I wanted to."

"For heaven's sake," I said, "leave it at that. Let it go. Don't ask it to come back."

"I should be ashamed," she said, "to show such terror of a poor little cough. Compared with your great St. Bernard of a cough mine's only a sort of Yorkshire terrier."

"It's managed to get on my nerves all the same."

"But your nerves," she said, "are such easy ones to get on to."

"Yes," I said, "a child could get on to them, or a curate or a monthly nurse—anything from a boy practising a bugle down to a motor-car."

"And women," she said, "are expected to go through life without nerves."

"Yes," I said, "that's only fair. Women have got to keep the home together, and they couldn't do it properly if they indulged in nerves."

"How anything so irritable as a man could ever manage to be a breadwinner I can't make out," said Francesca.

"We will not pursue," I said, "these investigations into our respective nerve centres. Is anybody else in the house going to have a cough?"

"Well, all the children have got colds, but you've been so wrapped up in your delectables that you haven't noticed it."

"I've noticed that nearly all my handkerchiefs have disappeared."

"Poor dears," she said. "Their own handkerchiefs are so small and so few."

"Yes," I said, "but why do they do them up in balls and leave them on all the armchairs?"

"It's a mute appeal," she said, "to a hard-hearted father. And James has got a bad cold."

"He has," I said; "I've heard him sneezing a good deal more than is compatible with his age and his position as seneschal. Somehow a sneeze and a butler don't seem to fit in together. I suppose the maids are not going to be left out of this."

"Not they. They've caught a nice plump cold apiece. And in a day or two they and James and the children will all be coughing like mad."

"It is," I said, "a most delightful prospect, and all owing to you."

"To me?"

"Yes," I said, "to you. You began it. Every day,

when it's about time for the evening paper to be brought in, you start edging nearer and nearer to the library door so as to get first hold on the news—"

"There never is any."

"No, but you think there's going to be, and you sit posted up against the draught between the door and the window, trying to look quite purposeless, until the door opens and then away you sail in a tornado of sneezes with the paper in your grip."

"You're a wonderful observer," she said. "You attribute it all to evening papers. Now I attribute it all to tobacco. If you didn't smoke so much you wouldn't be so liable to colds, and if you didn't catch a cold nobody else would—so there!"

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," I said. "Gruff-wuff-ruff-gruffer-ruffer—if I were laid up with measles my belief is you'd put it down to cigarettes."

"And I shouldn't be far wrong," said Francesca. "Hock-hack-hank-hack—you'd better have another go of mixture soon."

R. C. L.



Dealer. "WELL, SIR, OF COURSE YOU MUST TAKE THE 'LOSS OR LEAVE 'IM. THERE 'E IS, WITH ALL 'IS IMPERFECTIONS ON 'IS 'EAD, AS THE POET SAYS."

Prospective Customer. "AH, YOUR FRIEND THE POET CAN'T HAVE LOOKED AT HIS LEGS."

"Rome.—The German Peace Assassin thanks the Pope for his work in favour of peace."—*Provincial Paper*.

Another synonym for the KAISER, we suppose.



Daughter. "Who's that gentleman, Dad, walking all alone?"

Dad. "That's the man who missed five woodcocks one after another—the only ones we've seen this season."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & Co. have been fortunate in starting their new series of *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* with Delane of "The Times"; they have been still more fortunate in finding such an exceptionally accomplished biographer as Sir EDWARD COOK. It takes an editor to appreciate an editor—his daily difficulties, his occasional triumphs, his frequent anxieties. With all these things Sir EDWARD has had long and varied acquaintance; and in this admirably-written book he gives us with many a shrewd comment and illuminating sidelight the benefit of his own experience. DELANE, who was almost as particular about the "graveyard" of *The Times* as he was about the leading articles, would have entirely approved his biographer; and the biographer, for his part, could desire no more inspiring subject. JOHN THADEUS DELANE was only twenty-three when JOHN WALTER the Second requested him to succeed the great THOMAS BARNES, who had earned for the paper the title of "The Thunderer." He had had but a year's experience of journalism, yet he accepted the responsibility with the same level-headed confidence that he displayed throughout the thirty-six years of his editorship. Before he was thirty his reputation was secure. He had the confidence of the proprietor and of the innumerable statesmen and other big-wigs with whom he was in daily communication; what was perhaps even more difficult, he had his team of leader-writers (some of whom, like HENRY REEVE, were inclined to kick over the traces) well in hand. His aim was to inform, interpret, and direct that great central body of British opinion on which the fate of Minis-

tries ultimately rests. No personal fads or party prejudices obscured his judgment, and, though he often made mistakes and had to practise "the gentle art of curvature," *The Times* was never long out of sympathy with the national feeling. Fortunate in his proprietors—who regarded the dignity of their paper as more important than its profits—he was able to make the gaining of influence rather than of money his objective; and, as the almost inevitable result, he gained both. Every journalist should read his *Life*—the old for remembrance, the young for inspiration; but anyone who is interested in the social and political events of the Victorian era will find it as good reading as any novel, and a great deal better than most.

Was there ever a volume of recollections with so little trace of egotism, even to the point of the concealment of essentials, as Mr. RICHARD WHITEING'S *My Harvest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON)? But I suppose his idea was to lay stress on the stored, not the sown, grain; on impressions and verdicts rather than happenings, which are only touched upon so far as they are necessary to elucidate. The fastidious phrasing (sometimes perhaps a little obscure in intention) marks the journalist of a long departed school, who, though he makes no particular grievance of it, views with concern the stress and hurry of our day of giant circulations and the queer policies that contrive and sustain them. It is of interest to know that the author of No. 5, *John Street* entered journalism out of craftsmanship—he had been apprenticed to BENJAMIN WYON, "chief engraver of Her Majesty's [QUEEN VICTORIA'S] seals"—*via* some sketches in *The Star*, under JUSTIN MCCARTHY, of the alleged impressions of a Coster in Belgravia, meant as a counterblast to

JAMES GREENWOOD'S "Amateur Casual" in *The Pall Mall*. As Special Correspondent in the Paris of 1867; Geneva of the Alabama Convention; Madrid of the Carlist rebellion; Paris again, with the friendship of HUGO and GAMBETTA; America; Berlin in the eighties; Petersburg (that was) with TURGUENIEFF—he has not lived a dull life or given a dull, though, may be, a quiet, reflection of it. The general reticence sharpens our wits to understand the faint allusions and induces a very pleasant glowing sense of intelligence when we succeed, to counteract the chill of disappointment when we fail. One must quote the verdict of "a brilliant Irishwoman" on a certain fantastic countryman of hers who shall be nameless: "You make a great fuss about him. We have a man like that at the cross-roads of every village snacking every passer-by for the benefit of the crowd." And neither this nor the author's own vehemence on the same too much discussed subject is the product of war passions. It is the only touch of spleen in a gracious book, which you may close with the verdict: There goes an honest Radical.

I suppose that detective or spy stories may be regarded as a mild form of intoxicant, and in this case I can promise that you will find *The Thirty-Nine Steps* (BLACKWOOD) an agreeably exhilarating blend. Indeed, I am not sure that its consumption should not be confined to certain restricted hours, say 5 to 6 P.M., or from 10.30 onwards. To begin sipping at it in the morning would certainly be fatal to the day's work. In his pleasant little Preface, Mr. JOHN BUCHAN refers to it as belonging to that type of romance "where the incidents defy the probabilities and march just inside the borders of the possible." There could be no better definition of the wild and whirling adventures

that engulf Mr. *Richard Hannay*, from the moment when a supposed corpse walks into his London flat and demands protection till the last breathless minutes when—but I certainly shall not tell you about them yet. At times one may feel in retrospect that the border-line laid down by Mr. BUCHAN has been overstepped; but this is in retrospect only and belongs to the next-morning mood. At the moment the thrill of *Hannay's* evasions and escapes and disguises holds one too fascinated to worry over the question whether they could ever have happened. If I have a criticism, it is that the dressing-up motive is a trifle overworked. But if you should be tempted into some impatience over this let me beg of you to hold on for the sake of the last chapter, which provides a quite original and breath-taking climax. For this alone *The Thirty-Nine Steps* would be well worth your climbing, despite the undeniable steepness of some of them.

In *Upsidonia* (STANLEY PAUL) Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, abandoning for a time his beloved country-houses and

rectories, his squires and parsons and all their pleasant little world, gives us an account of a country in which wealth is a wickedness and often a punishment, and where ungentle poverty rules the roast and oppresses the opulent. Mr. John Howard, who penetrated into this country, was startled and disconcerted by the furious indignation with which a proffered tip of sixpence was repelled by an inhabitant who had all the appearance of a tramp. He was doomed to be still further disconcerted, for when a kind-hearted native attempted to relieve him, for his own good, of his rich watch and chain he naturally pursued the thief, but was himself taken into custody. In Upsidonia a Mr. Hobson "had come his biggest cropper over a worked-out silver mine, in which antimony or some such metal was discovered the moment the shares seemed to be worth

nothing, with the consequence that they jumped up again to unheard-of altitudes." When this crash came his wife had submitted to wealth with a noble resignation. She had taken a large house and filled it with expensive furniture, had bought silks and laces for herself and had clothed her children in the richest attire, thus taking her punishment like a true woman. Those who desire further and better particulars of this surprising country and of the manners and customs of those who live in it are referred to the book, where the whole scheme is worked out with the greatest ingenuity and just that amount of semi-solemnity which is suited to so Erewhonian a subject. It is a happy essay in grotesque but suggestive topsyturvydom. It may even prove to have a truly practical utility now that we are all bidden to give up half our incomes. But in Upsidonia they wouldn't have let you invest in a War Loan.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

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"CAWN'T REACH MY PIPE."

(CONSTABLE) ought to be given a roving commission; I mean that it should be found here, there and everywhere, so that one may have a dip into it and pass on. To read it through at a sitting—as I did—is to come to mild loggerheads not so much with the book itself as with AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE's idea of it. "We trust," they say in a foreword, "our pages may add a little mirth more to the gallant spirit abroad." Well, I discovered very little to make me laugh, but I did find something to refresh and gladden me. In short, when the EGERTON CASTLES are out to be funny they seem to me to leave the bull's-eye unscathed, but when they are telling us of courage in the face of danger, of anxieties nobly borne, or of the beauties and joy of their garden, they hit the centre of the target every time. Without conscious effort they create a bond of sympathy with their readers which is very real and enduring. This is what is called an intimate book, but eyes that are merely curious will get little satisfaction from its pages, its appeal being solely to lovers of a simple chronicle charmingly told.

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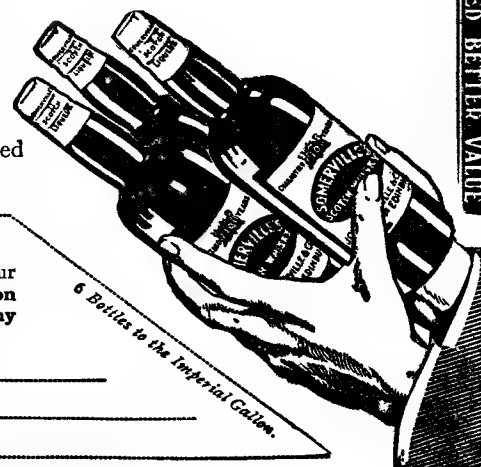
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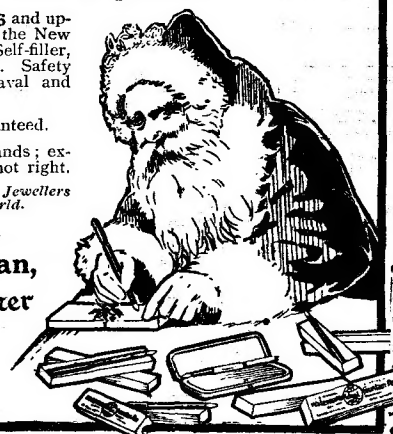
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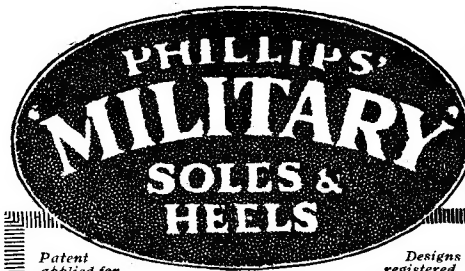
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PHILLIPS' 'MILITARY' SOLES AND HEELS impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

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"Their durability is intense. . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole."

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Vice-Admiral R. G. FRASER writes, 8th Sept. 1915:—

"I find them most satisfactory. . . . They are extremely comfortable and give a better grip than nails."

Lieut. G——, British Expeditionary Force, France, writes, 8th Oct., 1915:—

"The pair I am wearing I bought last May. . . . They have lasted out five months of active service, having saved shoe leather all that time. . . . I have worn only one pair of boots night and day . . . which would have been impossible but for your 'Military' Soles and Heels."



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